

Give the Indian to the army.
Give the red man to the soldier,
Tell him that the barroom's nowhere;
Tell him that he must hoe potatoes,
Put in wheat and be a swineherd,
Teach his maidens butter-making,
Pie construction, roller-skating,
How to wear a new fall bonnet;
How to don the gorgeous sash;
Tell him that if he's a dude he
Must have a cane and now some,
Tell him that the daily papers
He must read that he may know more—
More about his wife's dear mother;
More about politics, and so forth.
Thus the Indian, thus the red man
Shall become a noble pale face.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

UNCLE PAUL'S GHOST STORY

"Let's tell ghost stories, then," said Gladys.
"Aren't you tired of them? One hears nothing else nowadays. And they're all 'authentic,' really vouched for, only you never see the person who saw or heard or felt the ghost. It is always somebody's sister or cousin or friend's friend," objected young Mrs. Snowdon, another of the guests at the Quarries.

"I don't know that that is quite a reasonable ground for discrediting them en masse," said her husband. "It is natural enough, indeed inevitable, that the principal or principals in such cases should be much more rarely come across than the stories themselves. A hundred people can repeat the story, but the author, or rather hero, of it can't be in a hundred places at once. You don't disbelieve in any other statement or narrative merely because you have never seen the prime mover in it?"

"But I didn't say I discredited them on that account," said Mrs. Snowdon. "You take up 'so, Archie. I'm not logical and reasonable—I don't pretend to be. If I meant anything, it was that a ghost story would have a great pull over other ghost stories if one could see the person it happened to. One does get rather provoked at never coming across him or her," she added, a little petulantly.

She was tired; they were all rather tired, for it was the first evening since the party had assembled at the large country house known as the "The Quarries," on which there was not to be dancing, with the additional fatigue of "ten miles there and ten back again;" and three or four evenings of such doings without intermission tell, even on the young and vigorous.

To-night various less energetic ways of passing the evening had been proposed. Music, games, reading aloud, recitation—none had found favor in everybody's sight, and now Gladys Lloyd's proposal that they should "tell ghost stories" seemed likely to fall flat also.

For a moment or two no one answered Mrs. Snowdon's last remarks. Then, somewhat to everybody's surprise, the young daughter of the house turned to her mother.

"Mamma," she said, "don't be vexed with me—I know you warned me once to be careful how I spoke of it; but wouldn't it be nice if Uncle Paul would tell us of his ghost story? And then, Mrs. Snowdon," she went on, "you could always say you had heard one ghost story at or from—which should I say?—headquarters."

Lady Denholme glanced round half nervously before she replied.
"Locally speaking, it would not be at headquarters, Nina," she said. "The Quarries was not the scene of your uncle's ghost story. But I almost think it is better not to speak about it—I am not sure that he would like it mentioned, and he will be coming in a moment. He had only a note to write."

"I do wish he would tell it to us," said Nina regretfully. "Don't you think, mamma, I might just run to the study and ask him, and if he did not like the idea he might say so to me, and no one would seem to know anything about it? Uncle Paul is so kind, I'm never afraid of asking him any favor."

"Thank you, Nina, for your good opinion of me; you see there is no rule without exceptions; listeners do sometimes hear pleasant things of themselves," said Mr. Marischal, as he at that moment came round the screen which half concealed the doorway. "What is the special favor you were thinking of asking me?"

Nina looked rather taken aback.
"How softly you opened the door, Uncle Paul," she said. "I would not have spoken of you if I had known you were there."

"But, after all, you were saying no harm," observed her brother Michael. "And for my part I don't believe Uncle Paul would mind our asking him what we were speaking of."

"What was it?" asked Mr. Marischal. "I think, as I have heard so much, you may as well tell me the whole."

"It was only—" began Nina, but her mother interrupted her.

"I have told Nina not to speak of it, Paul," she said anxiously; "but it was only that all these young people are talking about ghost stories, and they want you to tell them your own strange experience. You must not be vexed with them."

"Vexed?" said Mr. Marischal; "not in the least." But for a moment or two he said no more, and even pretty, spoiled Mrs. Snowdon looked a little uneasy.

"You shouldn't have persisted, Nina," she whispered.
Mr. Marischal must have had unusually quick ears. He looked up and smiled.

"I really don't mind telling you all there is to hear," he said. "At one time I had a sort of dislike to mentioning the story, for the sake of others."

The details would have led to its being recognized—and it might have been painful. But there is no one now living to whom it would matter who knew," he added turning to his sister, "her husband is dead too."
Lady Denholme shook her head.
"No," she said, "I did not hear."
"Yes," said her brother, "I saw his death in the papers last year. He had married again, I believe. There is no now, therefore, any reason why I should not tell the story, if it will interest you," he went on, turning to the others. "And there is not very much to tell. Not worth making such a preamble about. It was—let me see—yes, it must be nearly fifteen years ago."

"Wait a moment, Uncle Paul," said Nina. "Yes, that's all right, Gladys. You and I will hold each other's hands, and pinch hard if we get very frightened."

"Thank you," Miss Lloyd replied. "On the whole I should prefer for you not to hold my hand."

"But I won't pinch you so as to hurt," said Nina, reassuringly; "and it isn't as if we were in the dark."
"Shall I turn down the lamps?" asked Mr. Snowdon.

"No, no!" exclaimed his wife. "There really is nothing frightening—scarcely even 'creepy'—in my story at all," said Mr. Marischal, half apologetically. "You make me feel like an imposter."

"Oh, no, Uncle Paul, don't say that. It is all my fault for interrupting," said Nina. "Now go on, please," she added, sotto voce; "it's just as well to be prepared."

"Well, then," began Mr. Marischal once more, "it must be nearly fifteen years ago. And I had not seen her for fully ten years before that again! I was not thinking of her in the least; in a sense I had really forgotten her; she had quite gone out of my life—that has always struck me as a very curious point in the story," he added parenthetically.

"Won't you tell us who 'she' was, Uncle Paul?" asked Nina, half shyly.

"Oh, yes, I was going to do so. I am not skilled in story telling, you see. She was, when I first knew her—at the time, indeed, that I knew her—a very sweet and attractive girl, named Maud Bertram. She was very pretty—more than pretty, for she had remarkably regular features—her profile was always admired—and a tall and graceful figure. And she was a bright and happy creature, too; that perhaps, was almost her greatest charm. You will wonder—I see the question hovering on your lips, Miss Lloyd, and on yours, too, Mrs. Snowdon—why, if I admired and liked her so much, I did not go further. And I will tell you frankly that I did not because I dared not. I had then no prospect of being able to marry for years to come, and I was not very young. I was already thirty, and Maud was quite ten years younger. I was wise enough and old enough to realize the situation thoroughly, and to be on my guard."

"And Maud?" asked Mrs. Snowdon. "She was surrounded by admirers—it seemed to me then that it would have been insufferable conceit to have even asked myself if it could matter to her. It was only in the light of after events that the possibility of my having been mistaken occurred to me. And I don't even now see that I have acted otherwise—" here Uncle Paul sighed a little. "We were the best of friends. She knew that I admired her, and she seemed to take a frank pleasure in its being so. I had always hoped that she really liked and trusted me as a friend, but no more. The last time I saw her was just before I started for Portugal, where I remained three years. When I returned to London Maud had been married for two years, and had gone straight out to India on her marriage, and except by some few friends who had known us both intimately I seldom heard her mentioned. And time passed. I cannot say I had exactly forgotten her, but she was not much or often in my thoughts. I was a busy and much absorbed man, and life had proved a serious matter to me. Now and then some passing resemblance would recall her to my mind—once especially, when I had been asked to look in and see the young wife of one of my cousins in her court dress, something in her figure and bearing brought back Maud to my memory, for it was thus, in full dress, that I had last seen her, and thus, perhaps unconsciously, her image had remained photographed on my brain. But as far as I can recollect at the time when the occurrence I am going to relate to you happened, I had not been thinking of Maud Bertram for months. I was in London just then, staying with my brother, my eldest brother, who had been married for several years and lived in our own old town house in—Square. It was in April, a clear spring day, with no fog or half-lights about, and it was not yet 4 o'clock in the afternoon—not very ghost-like circumstances, you will admit. I had come home early from my club—it was a sort of holiday time with me just then for a few weeks, intending to get some letters written which had been on my mind for some days, and I had sauntered into the library, a pleasant, fair-sized room, lined with books, on the first floor. Before setting to work I sat down for a moment or two in an easy chair by the fire, for it was still cool enough to make a fire desirable, and began thinking over my letters. No thought, no shadow of a thought of my old friend Miss Bertram was present with me, of that I am perfectly certain. The door was on the same side of the room as the fireplace; as I sat there, half facing the fire, I also half faced the door. I had not shut it properly when coming in. I had only closed it without turning the handle, and I did not feel surprised when it slowly and noiselessly swung open, till it stood right out into the room, concealing the actual doorway from my view. You will perhaps understand the position better if you think of the door as just then acting like a screen to the doorway. From where I sat I could not have seen anyone entering the room till he or she had got beyond the door itself. I glanced up, half suspecting to see some one come in, but there was no one; the door had swung open of itself. For a moment I sat on, with only the vague thought passing through my mind, 'I must shut it before I begin to write.'"

"But suddenly I found my eyes fixing themselves on the carpet; something had come within their range of vision, compelling their attention in a mechanical sort of way. What was it?"

"Smoke," was my first idea. "Can there be anything on fire?" But I dismissed the notion almost as soon as it suggested itself. The something, faint and shadowy, that came slowly rippling itself in, as it were, beyond the dark wood of the open door, was yet too material for 'smoke.' My next idea was a curious one: 'It looks like soapy water,' I said to myself; 'can one of the housemaids have been scrubbing and upset a pail on the stairs?' For the stair to the next floor almost faced the library door. But—no, I rubbed my eyes and looked again—the soapy water theory gave way. The wavy something that kept gliding, rippling in gradually assumed a more substantial appearance. It was—yes, I suddenly became convinced of it, it was ripples of soft silken stuff, creeping in as if in some mysterious way unfolded or unrolled, not jerkingly or irregularly, but glidingly and smoothly, like little wavelets on the seashore."

"And I sat there and gazed. 'Why did you not jump up and look behind the door to see what it was?' you may reasonably ask. That question I cannot answer. Why I sat still, as if bewitched, or under some irresistible influence, I cannot tell, but so it was."

"And it came always rippling in, till at last it began to rise as it still came on, and I saw a figure, a tall graceful woman's figure, was slowly advancing, backwards of course, into the room, and that the waves of pale silk—a very delicate shade of pearly gray I think it must have been—were in fact the lower portion of a long court train, the upper part of which hung in deep folds from the lady's waist. She moved in—I cannot describe the motion; it was not like ordinary walking or stepping backwards—till the whole of her figure and the clear profile of her face and head were distinctly visible, and when at last she stopped and stood there full in my view, just, but only just, beyond the door, I saw—it came upon me like a flash—that she was no stranger to me, this mysterious visitor! I recognized, unchanged, it seemed to me, since the day ten years ago, when I had last seen her, the beautiful features of Maud Bertram."

Mr. Marischal stopped a moment. Nobody spoke. Then he went on again:—

"I should not have said 'unchanged.' There was one great change in the sweet face. You remember my telling you that one of my girl-friend's greatest charms was her bright, sunny happiness—she never seemed gloomy or depressed or dissatisfied, seldom even pensive. But in this respect the face I sat there gazing at was utterly unlike Maud Bertram's. Its expression, as she—or 'it'—stood there looking, not toward me, but out beyond, as if at some one or something outside the door-way was of the profoundest sadness. Anything so sad I have never seen in a human face, and I trust I never may. But I sat on, as motionless almost as she, gazing at her fixedly, with no desire, no power perhaps to move or approach more nearly to the phantom. I was not in the least frightened. I knew it was a phantom, but I felt paralyzed, and as if I myself had somehow got outside of ordinary conditions. And there I sat staring at Maud, and there she stood, gazing before her with that terrible, unspeakable sadness in her face, which, even though I felt no fear, seemed to freeze me with a kind of unutterable pity."

"I don't know how long I had sat thus, or how long I might have continued to sit there, almost as if in a trance, when suddenly I heard the front-door bell ring. It seemed to wake me. I started up and glanced round, half expecting that I should find the vision dispelled. But no; she was still there, and I sank back into my seat just as I heard my brother coming quickly up stairs. He came towards the library, and, seeing the door wide open, walked in; and I, still gazing, saw his figure pass through that of the woman in the doorway as you may walk through a wreath of mist or smoke, only—don't misunderstand me—the figure of Maud till that moment had had nothing unsubstantial about it. She had looked to me, as she stood there, literally and exactly like a living woman; the shade of her dress, the color of her hair, the few ornaments she wore, all were as defined and clear as yours, Nina, at the present moment, and remained so, or perhaps became so again as soon as my brother was well within the room. He came forward, addressing me by name, but I answered him in a whisper, begging him to be silent and to sit down on the seat opposite to me for a moment or two. He did so, though he was taken aback by my strange manner, for I still kept my eyes fixed on the door. I had a queer consciousness that if I looked away it would fade, and I wanted to keep cool and see what would happen. I asked Herbert in a low voice if he saw nothing, but though he mechanically followed the direction of my eyes, he shook his head in bewilderment. And for a moment or two he remained thus. Then I began to notice that the figure was growing less clear, as if it were receding, yet without growing smaller to the sight; it grew fainter and vaguer, the colors grew hazy. I rubbed my eyes once or twice with a half idea that my long watching was making them misty, but it was not so. My eyes were not at fault—slowly but surely Maud Bertram, or her ghost, melted away, till all trace of her had gone. I saw the familiar pattern of the carpet where she had stood and the objects of the room that had been hidden by her draperies—all again in the most commonplace way, but she was gone, quite gone."

"Then Herbert, seeing me relax my intense gaze, began to question me. I told him exactly what I have told you."

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"Then Herbert, seeing me relax my intense gaze, began to question me. I told him exactly what I have told you."

He answered, as every common-sensible person, of course, would, that it was strange, but that such things did happen sometimes, and were classed by the wise under the head of 'optical delusions.' I was not well, perhaps, he suggested. Been over working? Had I not better see a doctor? Well, I shook my head. I was quite well, and I said so. And perhaps he was right; I had never had any experience of such things."

"All the same," I said, "I shall mark down the date."

"Herbert laughed and said that was what people always did in such cases. If he knew where Mrs.—then was he would write to her just for the fun of the thing, and ask her to be good as to look up in her diary, if she kept one, and let us know what she had been doing on that particular day—the 6th of April, isn't it?" he said—when I would have it that her wrath had paid me a visit. I let him talk. It seemed to remove the strange, painful impression—painful because of that terrible sadness in the sweet face. But neither of us knew where she was, we scarcely remembered her married name! And so there was nothing to be done except—what I did at once, in spite of Herbert's rallying—to mark down the day and hour with scrupulous exactness in my diary."

"Time passed. I had not forgotten my strange experience, but of course the impression of it lessened by degrees, till it seemed more like a curious dream than anything more real, when one day I did hear of Poor Maud again. 'Poor Maud I cannot help calling her. I heard of her indirectly, and probably but for the sadness of her story I should never have heard it at all. It was a friend of her husband's family who had mentioned the circumstances in the hearing of a friend of mine, and one day something brought round the conversation of old times, and he startled me by suddenly inquiring if I remembered Maud Bertram. I said, of course I did. Did he know anything of her? And then he told me."

"She was dead—she had died some months ago after a long and trying illness, the result of a terrible accident. She had caught fire one evening dressed for some grand entertainment or other, and though her injuries did not seem likely to be fatal at the time, she had never recovered the shock."

"She was so pretty," my friend said, and one of the saddest parts of it was that I hear she was terribly disfigured, and she took this most sadly to heart. The right side of her face was utterly ruined, and the sight of the right eye lost, though, strange to say, the left side entirely escaped, and seeing her in profile one would have had no notion of what had happened. Was it not sad? She was such a sweet, bright creature."

"I did not tell him my story, for I did not want it chattered about, but a strange sort of shiver ran through me at his words. It was the left side of her face only that the wraith of my poor friend had allowed me to see."

"Oh, Uncle Paul!" exclaimed Nina. "And—as to the dates?" inquired Mr. Snowdon.

"I never knew the exact date of the accident," said Mr. Marischal, "but that of her death was fully six months after I had seen her. And in my own mind I have never made any doubt that it was at or about, probably a short time after, the accident that she came to me. It seemed a kind of appeal for sympathy—and a farewell also poor child."

They all sat silent for some little time, and then Mr. Marischal got up and went off to his own quarters, saying something vaguely about seeing if his letters had gone.

"What a touching story," said Gladys Lloyd. "I am afraid, after all, it has been more painful than he realized for Mr. Marischal to tell it. Did you know anything of Maud's husband, dear Lady Denholme? Was he kind to her? Was she happy?"

"We never heard much about her married life," her hostess replied. "But I have no reason to think she was unhappy. Her husband married again two or three years after her death, but that says nothing."

"N—no," said Nina. "All the same, mamma, I am sure she really did love Uncle Paul very much—much more than he had any idea of. Poor Maud!"

"And he has never married," added Gladys.

"No," said Lady Denholme; "but there have been many practical difficulties in the way of his doing so. He has had a most absorbingly busy life, and now that he is more at leisure he feels himself too old to form new ties."

"But," persisted Nina, "if he had had any idea at the time that Maud cared for him so?"

"Ah, well," Lady Denholme allowed, "in that case, in spite of the practical difficulties, things would probably have been different."

And again Nina repeated softly, "Poor Maud!"—Louisia Molesworth, in Longman's Magazine.

Equilibrium of the Sexes.
The wonderful provision in nature to preserve the equilibrium of the sexes in the human race has always excited the profound admiration of naturalists. If an equal number of each was born into the world there would be a considerable preponderance of females at the age of adolescence. Boys are subject to greater mortality than girls owing in part to the greater difficulty of raising a male child, not yet fully explained by physiologists, but chiefly to the greater peril of boys from their more daring out-door life. In most civilized countries the excess of males at birth is about 4 per cent., while at the period of adolescence there are about twenty-one females for every twenty males. The preponderance of males in the United States census is owing largely to the influx of immigrants, of whom there is a greater preponderance of that sex; while in Europe the preponderance of females comes chiefly from the greater losses of the male sex from perils of the sea, the harder toil, the losses by war, and their subjection to all the greivous risks that tend to curtail human life.

SUNDAY READING.

POWER WITHOUT NOISE—AT EARTH-QUAKE-PROOF CHURCH.

What Is Religion?—Christian Union in the Air—Industry—What Our Savior Asks—Etc., Etc.

Recommendation.

Straight through my heart this fact to-day
By truth's own hand is driven;
God never takes one thing away
But something else is given.

I did not know in earlier years
This law of love and kindness;
But without hope, through bitter tears
I mourned in sorrow's blindness.

And ever following each regret
For some departed treasure,
My sad, repining heart was met
With unexpected pleasure.

I thought it only happened so—
But true this truth has taught me;
No least thing from my life can go,
But something else is brought me.

It is the law, complete, sublime,
And now, with truth taken,
In patience I bid my true
When any joy is taken.

No matter if the crushing blow
May fade the moment down we
Still back of it waits Love, I know,
With some new gift to crown me.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Power Without Noise.

As a rule the best work is done when there is least noise. We are told that when a machine goes noiselessly it means that the friction is reduced to the smallest possible quantity, and that the force is not wasted on the process, but comes out in accomplished work. At the building of Babel there was far more noise than at the building of the Temple, but the Temple was the more successful work. There is a great noise in a thunder storm; but it is the silent sunlight that will at length make the winter gather up his garments and leave the world to the verdure, the flowers and the fragrance of spring. The shallow stream rattles along in its course, but when it is met and drowned by the majestic tide rolling in from the sea there is silence in the hills. In the great tide there is power of more than a hundred babbling rivulets, yet its coming is almost as quiet as the celestial forces that bring it. It teaches the lesson I wish to convey, that things most potent are not necessarily noisy. A strong and earnest life need not make a fuss. As men working with our might, it is better to be known by the bullet that strikes than by the bang of the gun that sends it. And this is the kind of spirit we need if we wish to convince and constrain others around us. A cold religion can never commend itself. A man must be on fire himself to kindle others. The dead child received life because there was life in the prophet to give. A man dead in sins will never be quickened by another who is as nearly dead as himself. But anything like enthusiasm is catching. One strong, aroused, hot-headed Nehemiah, with a purpose and a resolve, can turn every man in Jerusalem into a Nehemiah carrying a trowel in one hand for the wall and a sword in the other for the enemy.

An Earthquake-Proof Church.

There is now in process of construction in Manila, Philippine Islands, an earthquake-proof church, a description of which will undoubtedly be of interest to the manufacturers of architectural iron in America who may desire to extend their trade to that part of the world. The numerous catholic churches and cathedrals of Manila have heretofore been constructed of stone and wood, and have suffered greatly from earthquakes. Therefore, in the building of edifices of this character the main object has been to secure solidity in the walls rather than attractiveness in external appearance, and hence the churches were much plainer than they would be were the people not in a state of continual apprehension that their places of worship may be shaken down in an instant. How to construct a church that would defy the most vigorous earthquake has been a vexing problem, apparently unsolvable, until the chief engineer of public works of Manila conceived the idea of making an edifice entirely of wrought and cast iron, securely bolted together, and no more to be shaken apart by a subterranean disturbance than a solid block of stone. The result of his ingenuity is the iron church of San Sebastian, which is now partially finished and is attracting the wonder and admiration of all who see it.

The design is original, with two tall steeples at the front end and a number of shorter spires over each abutment. When finished it will be painted in imitation of stone, and will present an external appearance similar to that of many of the beautiful stone cathedrals of Europe and America. Inside the church is 162 feet long by 70 wide; the height to the tops of the arches is 52 feet, and to the spring of the same, 34 feet; the nave is a span of 30 feet, and there are two side aisles. There are two towers over the principal facade 19 feet square and 170 feet high from the ground to the top of the mid-vane. Over the transept there is a tower 32 feet square and 114 feet from the ground to the top of the cross which surmounts it. The building is lighted by a double row of gothic windows, which will be filled with painted panes representing sacred subjects.

What Is Religion?

Many people have an entirely mistaken opinion about religion. Religion is not, as so many think, the means by which men are to reach God, but it is the result of becoming the children of God. No man can be benefited by mere religion, for it is God's Holy spirit alone that can purify us and make us like the Lord, and it is then

that, spontaneously, religion becomes a part and parcel of our being. All the world to-day is yearning after something. Men see that the world, with its vanity and hollowiness, can never bring peace to the soul, and they seek to obtain this peace by throwing themselves into all sorts of religious observances, when all the while they lack the one thing needful, Christ Jesus. It is only when they learn that it is a Savior that they need, and take the Lord Jesus as such, that they find the peace which passeth all understanding. Then to them old things are passed away, and all things become new.—Lord Radstock.

Christian Union is Strength.

Christian Union is said to be in the air. It is perhaps more in the air than in the hearts of the people, though without doubt, many of the best people in all the churches deplore the divisions that disgrace and disfigure the religion of Christ. But the way to the desired union does not seem clear. The plan proposed by the Episcopal Church is easily understood—that all evangelical bodies be swallowed up by that church. Other religious bodies are willing for union on a similar plan, each understanding that others will be graciously taken in. The cry for union has been largely an expression of that desire. He who will get before the Christian world a wise and well-written plea for Christian union on Scriptural grounds will do a good work. Can not the basis of true Christian fellowship—fellowship in Christ—be so stated that it will commend itself to true hearts everywhere? Can such a statement gain the attention of the best minds everywhere? Should not an effort be made in this direction?—Christian Standard.

What Christ Asks.

A negative relation to Christ has always ended in his crucifixion. Pilate said, "I find no fault in him;" but they gave him up to the murderers! From the spiritual necessity of the case, that was inevitable. This is the irresistible sequence. Beware of it. There is no security in negativeness. If you merely find "no fault in him," you will assuredly give up Christ under external pressure. Christ asks us for no good-conduct certificate. He asks us for our heart's whole trust. He claims the throne of our undivided love.—Dr. Joseph Parker.

Victor Hugo on Immortality.

I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, towards the sky. The earth gives me its generous sap but heaven lights me with the reflections of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart.

Don't be Idle.

Industry is commended to us by all sorts of examples deserving our regard and imitation. All nature is a copy thereof, and the whole world a glass wherein we may behold this duty represented to us. Even beings void of reason, of sense, of life itself, suggest to us resemblances of industry; being set in continual action to effect reasonable purposes conducing to the preservation of their own beings, or to the furtherance of the common good. And shall we alone be idle while all things are so busy? Shall we keep our hands in our bosoms, or stretch ourselves on beds of laziness, while all the world is hard at work in pursuing the designs of its creation?—BARROW.

Reach for the Higher.

"Never quit certainty for hope" is a good provisional axiom, but had it been strictly and invariably acted upon, commerce would still have been in its infancy, and the history of discovery, invention, and progress still to begin. All the great enterprises, whether in commerce or invention, have been begun and carried on in direct violation of this maxim.

The Bible.

The Bible which John Brown read in prison before his execution he presented to J. F. Blessing, Esq., of Charlottesville, Va. In it he wrote: "There is no commentary in the world so good in order to a right understanding of this blessed book as an honest, child-like and teachable spirit."

Don't Be Selfish.

No individual can attach to true manliness or womanliness without loving and laboring for others. The good of each is bound up in the good of all, and no one can live to himself alone. The effort to do so results only in a feebleness, poorer, weaker self.

The Star of Bethlehem